More Lampoons.

The Hierogliphick.

COme Painter take a Proſpect from this Hill,
And on a well-ſpread Canvas ſhew thy Skill:
Draw all in Colours as they ſhall appear,
And as they ſtand in merit place them there.
Draw, as the Heralds do, a ſpacious Field;
And, as directed, ſo let that be fill'd.
Firſt, draw a *Popiſh* Army brisk and gay,
Fighting, and beat, deſtroy'd, and run away.
Then draw a Hearſe, and let it ſtand in view,
The Mourners more, far more than they'r in ſhew,
Curſing their Fate, their Stars. and in that fear,
Shew, if thou canſt, how theſe damn'd *Sots* prepare
To run, or ſtay and skulk in holes alone:
By them, this Motto, *Gallows claim thy own.*
Now, to the Life, let thy brisk Pencil ſhew
Diſtinctly what they are, and what's their due.
Now draw a croud of *Prieſts* prepar'd to run,
Like broken Merchants when their ſtock is gone;
Some howling out their Prayers, forget and ſay,
Save us St. *Ketch*: Are all our Saints away?
Draw 'em in hurry, running to and fro,
Poſting to *Dover*, *Portſmouth*, *Tyburn* too.
Next draw a croud of Lords. This Label by,
The great Deſign is loſt. Alas, they cry,
Who'd ſerve a Cauſe of ſuch curſt deſtiny.
Now draw four *Prieſts*, ſhew how they *Rome* adore,
And each Mans Scarf hang to be ſeen before.
Two brace of Biſhops, fallen to deſpair,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, but running God knows where.
Now ſhew the Judges, and with them thy Skill,
That all who ſee it done may ſay, 'Tis well;
In Caps and Gowns, as they in orders ſate
'Twixt Heaven and Earth do thou them elevate:
For their grave Noddles can Diſpence with that.
Now draw the little Rogues, the ſcoundrel Crew,
Kts. Knaves, & Beggers, they muſt have their due,
Gadbury, *Butler*, ay, and *R*—— too.
Amidſt this croud, on a fit ſpot of Land,
To crown the work, let a large Gallows ſtand:
All trembling by, arm'd with their guilt and fears,
Kneel to this Image, and pour out their Prayers.
And then die by Suffocation.

To the reſpective Judges.

DIgnifi'd things, may I your leaves implore,
To kiſs your Hands, & your high Heads adore;
Judges you are, but you are ſomething more.
May I draw near, and with rough-hew'd Pen,
Give a ſmall Draught of you, the worſt of Men:
Tell of your Merits, and your mighty Skill,
And how your Charms all Courts of Juſtice fill.
Your Laws, far ſtronger than the *Commons Votes*,
So finely flows from your *Diſpenſing Throats.*
What *Rome* will ask, you muſt not her deny:
If Hell command you too, you muſt comply.
There's none but you would in this Cauſe combine,
Things made like Men, but act like Brutes & Swine.
Law Books are traſh, a Student he's a drudge:
Learn to ſay, Yes, he's an accompliſh'd Judge;
He wins the Scarlet Robe, and wears it too:
Ay, and deſerves it well, for more's his due;
All that compleats a Traytor dwells in you.
Thus you like Villains to the Benches get,
And, in defiance to the Laws, you ſit,
And all baſe actions that will pleaſe commit:
There muſt you toil for *Rome*, and alſo try
Your *Iriſh* Senſe and Cobweb Policy,
Compleat your Crimes; and then you'r fit to die.
True Loyal Babes! Pimps to the Church of *Rome*.
Triſilian's Heirs: Heirs to his crimes and doom.
Was ere the Hall fill'd up with ſuch a Brood,
All dipt in Treaſon, Villanies or Blood:
Worſe than *Fanatick* Prieſts; for they being preſt
By a Wiſe Prince, Preach'd to *Repeal the Teſt.*
Then here's the difference, 'twixt you *Popiſh* Tools,
You'r downright Rogues: They, only Knaves and Fools.

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